

THE



TIGER

SAN FRANCISCO, MARCH, 1904.

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Southern Pacific



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Facts About Whaling

By SYD WIENER.

The whaling fleet sailing from the port of San Francisco is larger than any other in the world. The fleet is divided up into two classes, the Arctic whalers and the South Sea or sperm whalers. Those of the Arctic catch the bowhead whale and do extensive trading with the native esquimaux of Alaska, while the South Sea whalers catch the sperm and right whale. From the sperm whale is produced the sperm oil which is used for different lubricating purposes and is worth about 60 cents per gallon in its crude state, and the bone which is taken from the right whale is valued at about \$4.25 per pound. These ships, which go south, leave every year about the first of December. From San Francisco they proceed to the vicinity of the Marquesas islands (140 degrees 10 minutes south latitude), and from there they go in a northwesterly direction around the Gilbert and Marshall Islands, in which vicinity the sperm whale is found. From there they go around the Ladrone Islands and up into the Yellow Sea, where the majority of the sperm whales and a few right whales are caught. From the Yellow Sea they go to Hakodate, to take in provisions, and where the crew usually have a good time. From there they proceed to the Okhotsk Sea, the home of the right whale, and from there they come home.

The trip takes about ten and one-half months. The pay the men receive is divided into lays, where the men each get a certain share, which depends upon the office they hold. Some captains get the fifteenth lay, which means one-fifteenth of the ship's cargo; and some cooks get the seventy-third lay, which means one-seventy-third of the ship's cargo. The captain generally has an interest in the ship. The crew is composed of a captain, four mates, one boatheader, five or six boatsteerers, sailmaker, carpenter, cooper, tankman, cook, steward, cabin boys and foremast hands, the latter two getting very little of the ship's profit.

The whalers that go north go with the same management of pay and crew. There are about twelve Arctic whalers. They start about the first of April and go north, passing through one of the passages of the Aleutian Islands, and go into the Gulf of Anadyr. From there they go up through the Bering Sea. From the Anadyr Gulf they begin to catch the bowhead whale (average value \$1,200, oil valued at 25 cents per gallon and bone \$5 per pound). After going through the Bering Straits, they go around the northern point of Alaska and along its shore as far as Cape Parry and the Straits of Dolphin in Canada, catching whales all this time. From there they come back

to San Francisco or winter there, which is to anchor in one of the many inlets and get frozen in to spend the winter.* There is much sport for all on board, playing ball or hunting deer and bear. Some ships winter for two, three or four years, having provisions sent to them, thereby saving time in getting there as the others would be obliged to do.

The trading done there is mostly for skins, for which they give beads or a piece of bright calico, which is very attractive to the native esquimaux.

The trip takes about seven or eight months, and during their stay in port the sailors work on board the ships about half the time and the other half are under the influence of liquor. They spend their money quickly and freely, and never think of the future.

The average catch of the Arctic whalers is ten whales per year, while the catch of the sperm whaler is 1,500 to 1,800 barrels of oil, valued at an average of \$20 per barrel.



A Contest in Axioms

By F. W. BOWLEY.

The fond lover of this little drama was Harry Wheeler, a rising young business man, who had not finished rising yet. Incidentally he was six feet, of good looks and practical common sense. The girl was Margaret Shaw, an orphan, with considerable in her own name, and the ward of her uncle, Rev. Timothy Shaw. This same uncle is the villain, not literally, but to suit the conditions of the play.

A queerer man never lived than the Rev. Timothy Shaw. He was an erratic old bachelor, and, in addition to his religious work was a business man and had gathered quite a fortune by profitable investments. He had one hobby which he cultivated, and which, in his mind, was the most important thing in his existence. It was the acquirement of a vocabulary of maxims and popular sayings, flavored with the choicest of slang expressions. Many credited this queer fad to an ambition to be thought original, and thereby to be socially prominent, but this was not so, for he hated society, and said: "To be famous is to be slandered by people who do not know you."

Harry and Margaret wanted to be married, but, try as they would, they could not obtain Uncle

Tim's consent. After Harry had failed several times to receive a satisfactory reply, Margaret tried to convince her uncle. When she told him of their love and desire to marry, he asked, "Madge, are you not happy with me?" "Yes, Uncle," she replied, "but—" "Very well, then," he interrupted, "better a dinner of herbs and contentment than a punctured tire in a far country." She then tried to tell how she loved Harry, and how it would break her heart to be kept from him, but the only satisfaction she got was, "We are forever confounding our hearts with our livers and calling ourselves sad, when we are only bilious. Love becomes anemic if fed only on sentiment. It requires an occasional meal of beef-steak and onions to keep it robust. Go find out about Harry's prospects."

The couple made no advances on the obstinate uncle for several days, but, suddenly one evening he entered the parlor and informed Harry that he could marry Margaret if he could convince him of his worthiness and could teach him some new maxims. He then left the room as abruptly as he entered. "What in blazes has happened to the old man?" exclaimed Harry. "Why, Harry,"

said Margaret, "you shouldn't be so excited. Uncle says, 'Think twice before you speak, and then say it to yourself.'"

A few days later Harry presented himself before Uncle Tim, ready to state his case. "Before we begin," said Uncle Tim, "I want to know what you think of my talent for remembering proverbial sayings." "On one hand," said Harry, "men who pride themselves on their culture haven't any to speak of. On the other, a handful of wit is worth a bucketful of brag." You see, Harry wasn't afraid to talk up. "Umph," said Uncle Tim, "I see you are prepared to follow out my condition. How do you expect to answer a man with my knowledge of maxims?" "Answer a fool according to his folly, provided he is a small fool; but reply to a large one with great respect unless one wants to excite unnecessary wrath. No offence intended, Mr. Shaw." Score one for Harry.

Then there came a long pause. Then Uncle Tim said, "Why do you want to marry Madge? Do you know that one-half our lives is spent in making experiments, the other in regretting them? Have you given this serious thought?" "I have," said Harry. "A wise plan, like salt salmon, should soak a good while. I also know that delays may have dangerous ends, but that haste hatches no chickens. The prudent man pedalleth in peace, but ruin lies in the path of a

scorcher. The early bird catches the worm, but an early person is liable to catch malaria if he's out too soon in the morning." Score another for Harry.

"Do you improve all your opportunities?" asked Uncle Tim. "A life of leisure is a life of loafing—only a difference in terms." "No," said Harry. "It is well to make hay when the sun shines, but if the sun should shine all the time, you would never make any hay." "Are you morally and virtually perfect?" was the next question. "As a man grows in experience, his theories of conduct are fewer. Every mother thinks discipline is a good thing—for other people's children. Men are like matches; no virtue comes out of them till they are rubbed up against a hard place. When your true naturalist finds a virtuous man, he snap-shots him." Harry, where did you learn all that?

Uncle Tim then asked, "Are you religiously inclined?" and Harry answered: "There are many deeply religious people outside the church, but those inside usually call them infidels."

Uncle Tim, heaving a long sigh, then said, "I won't ask about your past life, for 'a man who tells you of all his troubles becomes one of them.' Nephew, you beat me."

"What!" cried Harry, "do you mean—"

"A nod's as good as a bid to a wise auctioneer," said Uncle Tim.



Red Roses

By I. MARKWART.

"O red and lovely morning rose,
A pure love dream are you;
Where can your throbbing heart repose
Amidst the midnight dew?"

One night I heard a lovely rose
Ask of the wind a tale,
And by and by the wind arose
And rocked the flower frail.

And then the breezes whispered soft,
"There was a silent rose,
That grew upon a mountain loft,
Where all was calm repose.

"Long days passed on in sunshine bright,
And still the rose grew on,
More charming than the soft pale light
That creeps up with the morn.

"Suitors came up the hillside steep,
In quest of her whose fame
Had spread among the valleys deep,
A good and brilliant name.

"But each went down a broken heart
And left the rose alone
Upon the mountain top, apart
From all that's sweet in home.

"One night, when yellow sunbeams pale
Had sank beyond the hills,
There came a song from out the dale,
A song of love, that thrills."

"O lovely rose, will you be mine
Upon this mountain top,
And love me sweetly all the time
Until all love doth stop?"

"And then a rose of creamy white
Sprang from its hiding place,
And all its love a saddened light
Lay beaming in its face.

"Then happy was the knightly rose
And lovely his wedded bride,
For when the blushes there arose
They stayed and would not hide.

"That's where, O lovely, red, red rose,
You gained your blushing hue,
But dream of me in sweet repose,
And be my sweetheart true."

The gentle breeze it sang no more
Unto the rose that night,
But on the tinted petals placed
A kiss—then sped in flight.



A Deer Hunt

By A. BECK.

One morning at five A. M. two other fellows and myself started on a few days' hunting and camping trip in the mountains near the coast. We drove till about 11:30 and then rested and fed our horses. After a rest of about an hour and

a half we started out again. We had never before been over the road, which was very rough and rocky, and about ten miles longer than we thought it was. After driving all afternoon and passing through several mountain ranches, we

went into camp about eight that evening. Just before going into camp, while we were driving up a gravelly road, I noticed a wild-cat sitting behind a bush about seventy-five yards away. I got off and fired several times at him, without effect.

We slept in an old barn that night. The next morning we were up bright and early and were off at 6 o'clock and drove till about 5 that evening before finding a suitable camping place. We finally found one beside a running stream called the Arroyo Seco. I pitched the tent while the other fellows cooked the supper and tended to the horses.

Being very tired from our long, rough trip, we lay in bed a long time next morning. That day we put everything in order about the camp, gathered wood and fixed up everything necessary to comfortable camp life.

We ate supper about 4:30 that afternoon, and then started out in different directions to look for deer. After being out about an hour, while on top of a ridge, I heard one of my companions shooting at something in a canyon about one mile above where I was stationed. I knew the deer would come down my way, for it was easier for them to run down the canyon than up it, and besides he was above them, for I could hear the bullets whistle over my head. In the meantime I ran down the mountain a few yards and waited for results. While waiting I noticed a trail about

half way up the mountain, on the opposite side of the canyon, and leading over the ridge and into the canyon beyond. I thought the deer would probably go up it, as it led out of the canyon. In a few seconds I heard them coming down the canyon full speed, and sure enough they turned up the trail. Like a flash I raised my sights to three hundred yards, which I thought was about the distance, and watched an opening through which they would have to pass. In a few seconds they came into the opening, and I fired at the leader (a big buck). The ball took effect and he rolled down and lodged against a tree below. I saw another opening about six hundred yards distant, and raised my sights again for it. As they ran through it I fired again and shot a little spike buck. He ran about fifty yards and fell dead, shot through the heart. I ran down the mountain and up the other side, wild with excitement. With a great deal of difficulty I finally got them down into the canyon, dressed them both, hung them up in a tree and started for camp, in the other canyon beyond. While walking toward camp I met my companion, who had scared the deer out. He said that he had shot one and that there were four in the band. The next morning we took the horses up and got our venison. That day we spent in jerking the meat.

We didn't have such good luck after the first day, but stayed five days after, killing eight deer. We got home sore and tired after our trip, but glad that we had gone.



To a Thumb Tack

After Having Sat Down on One in Course Eleven, English.

BOWLEY, '05.

Wee sharp and stinging little fiend,
Why sitst thou there with careless mien?
'Twas the vilest deed I've ever seen,
 To pierce me so;
And the bite of thy small point so keen
 Filled me with woe.

Who is the vile, unfeeling wretch
That didst thou to this sanctum fetch?
If I but could the villain catch,
 I'd make him whine;
For on my person thou didst etch
 A queer design.

Why didst thou leave the drawing board?
I thought that English you abhorred;
The boys were happy when I roared
 Out with the pain;
The girls were shockéd when I swore
 With might and main.

I would be joyous if you stood
As peaceful-minded thumb tacks would.
I know that if you tried you could;
 Not on your head,
But on your point, as thumb tacks should;
 Till—I—am—dead.



A Trip to Muir Glacier

By GOLDIE COHEN.

Muir Glacier is about ninety-five miles from Juneau, the metropolis of Alaska. Taking the steamer *Queen*, at the Southern Pacific wharf at Juneau, we arrived at Glacier Bay at about one o'clock on a lovely summer afternoon. We were rowed to shore in life-boats, where we landed on a strip of beach from fifty to about two hundred and fifty feet broad. On our left extended the glacier, with its pinnacles glittering in the sun and reflecting back its rays, so that it was hard for us to look at the ice for any length of time. We were all provided with blue goggles to protect our eyes from the glare, and then we began the ascent. There were twelve in our party.

A gradual slope leads to the top. We first climbed a sand-hill and then found ourselves on the glacier.

To the left and right and as far as the eye

could reach, was a glittering white, shading to a delicate blue-green where the glacier extended to the edge of the water.

Ice hummocks dotted the entire expanse, as we found to our sorrow, for when we returned to the ship our shoes were worn to holes. Every few feet we would have to cross deep crevices, which "looked deep and dark enough," as one of the gentlemen remarked, "to lend access to the infernal regions."

When we traced our way back the sun was just setting. He shed his rays over the vast river of ice, turning it a beautiful rosy pink, like the flush of dawn in the eastern sky. As the sun sank lower and lower, shadows began to creep over the glacier. This warned us to hurry, for it would be dangerous traveling in the dark on account of the very numerous crevasses in the ice.

The crunching sound of our footsteps was all that broke the excessive and solemn silence, except when a vast mass of ice would loose itself from the mother-pack and with a thunderous crash fall into the sea. The eddies caused by the broken masses reached even to the ship, where

she lay at anchor, and as a mother rocks her babe to rest upon her bosom and as the little one falls into slumber the motion becomes less and less until she is quiet, so did the ship rock at her anchor and then gradually come to rest again until all was still.



The Girls of '04

By "M" '04.

There are multitudes of pretty girls
Who grace our class this year.
There are multitudes of blushing girls,
Their smiles to us are dear.

Soft, dimpled cheeks and wavy hair,
And happy, flashing eyes.
Ah me—I love their cunning air
And smiles, who could despise?

All eyes of blue defiance glare
Upon the bashful heart;
But eyes of brown! those depths declare
That love will never part.

Yea, eyes of every pretty shade
Have graced our school this year,
To me as yet there's none been made
As sweet as those of (——) dear.

N. B.—Every boy is supposed to substitute
any name he may see fit to.



Senior Seminary

By HAYDEN DE LANY

During the last quarter the subjects discussed in the Senior Seminary have been of unusual interest and importance to the members, as well as to those outside who have had the privilege of hearing them. The following is a brief resume of the papers and addresses given:

On November 26 Mr. Cox gave an interesting talk on "Boilers," which covered the subject well.

Mr. Marsdon Manson, a civil engineer of this city, gave a most instructive address on December 2, his subject being "Industrial Chemistry, Its Recent Applications," etc. Mr. Manson gave a brief outline of his start in engineering lines, and followed it with a description of the organic and inorganic compounds which receive the major part of the chemist's attention. He spoke at length of the great field which was open to young chemists, and of the possibilities in the line of using the waste biproducts of the large concerns in this country, and especially in California. In closing he offered to assist any of his hearers who were looking for a start in this line, and gave a bit of good advice to the students present.

The next meeting was held December 7, and was addressed by Mr. Edward Berwick, President of the California Postal Progress League. Mr. Berwick gave a very clear and concise description of the postal conditions in our country, comparing them with those of other countries, and showing very plainly how much higher the U. S. rates were on all mail matter. He then proved that it was possible to run the postoffice on a paying basis with much less charge, citing Great Britain, France and Switzerland as examples, and explained why it was that the express companies were able to hold up postal

rates. The Postal Progress League, he said, was organized for the purpose of fighting for better postal rates and service. Mr. Berwick's address was enjoyed very much, and he thoroughly impressed his hearers as one who would some day make people recognize the justice of his stand.

On January 6 no paper was presented, but the following were elected officers for the ensuing quarter: Mr. Buzzo, President; Mr. Johnson, Vice-President; Mr. Cox, Secretary.

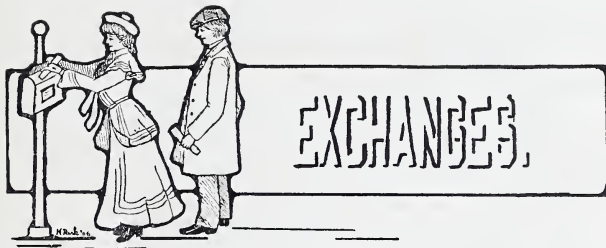
Mr. Sander addressed the Seminary on January 13, on the subject of "Refrigeration," and was followed by Mr. Cornell, who gave his experiences in visiting a modern refrigerating plant.

On January 25 Mr. J. A. Hayes, a prominent mechanical engineer of this city, gave a very clear and interesting account of a recent engine test taken off the 2,000 H. P., 2 cyl., vertical, cross compound engine of the Independent Electric Light and Power Company. Mr. Hayes gave the data of the test, explaining as he went along, and illustrating his explanations by means of diagrams on the blackboard. The students present showed great interest in Mr. Hayes' address.

Mr. Gilbert had the floor at the next meeting of the Seminary, and gave a most instructive talk on the water supplies, methods of filtering, etc., of a number of the large cities of the world. Mr. Gilbert's discussions are always interesting.

On February 10 Mr. Johnson gave a paper on "Furnaces," which covered the subject.

At the following meeting much time was taken up in discussing, pro and con, the matter of introducing debates into the Seminary. It was finally decided not to have them at present. Mr. Schmidt also gave a very interesting paper on "Rubber Making."



By R. MACPHERSON.

The list of exchanges received is rather small as compared with the number sent out. Several papers have acknowledged us, but have failed to exchange. We hope that this is only an oversight, and that we shall receive exchanges from them in the future.

The Russ, in our opinion, has the neatest cover of any exchange received. Its stories are well written and interesting, and the whole paper shows great care in its make-up.

Two numbers of the *Olla Podrida* have been received. Both contain good stories and the columns are well edited. The column devoted to "Bits of Interest" adds greatly to the paper.

The Adjutant has improved wonderfully. Its size is better and its contents are of greater interest than before. The new staff has certainly made a good start, and we hope they will be able to keep it up.

The *Santa Barbara* has adopted a form different from many others. In appearance it resembles a "short story magazine," and its articles are arranged in the same concise manner.

The Kodak, although small, has the appearance of a well edited paper.

One of the cuts of the *Wilmerding Life* is apt to give one the belief that they are "natural born reachers." Could it be possible?

Both the athletic numbers of *The Lowell* and of *The Mission* are excellent papers.

The last number of *The Lowell* contains an article by Perry Tompkins entitled "Athletics at Harvard." The only thing that we can see concerning Harvard is the title. The article itself seems to discuss chiefly the local athletics of the past two years.

Dictum Est, whose staff is rather of a feminine nature, is one of the best edited papers we receive. Its exchange column is exceptionally good.

Other good exchanges received were *The Wild Cat*, *Orange and Black*, *Skirmisher* and *Rumford News*.

We've buttons on our clothes, of course,

And buttons on the door;

But a Button on a Tiger—why,

We never saw before.

Our Tiger wears a Button—

The reason is, perchance,

That though his coat grows on him,

He needs it for his pants.

When we come in our room at night,

And find it darkened quite,

We turn a little button black

To get electric light.

The latest of improvements

We give our Tiger bright.

It even has a Button

We twist to give us light.

When I was young, long, long ago,
 We used to play a game
 Called "button, button, who has got it,"
 And much I liked the same.

If now you come and asked me
 This question on the sly,
 I'd say, "I haven't got it,
 The Tiger you should try."

We missed our key one evening,
 So when we reached the door
 We pressed a little button,
 As oft we'd done before.

A girl came from the kitchen,
 And soon the door swung wide,

Because, you see, the button
 Just rang a bell inside.

Our Tiger has a Button,
 And if we studied well,
 We wonder if we'd find him
 Attached to any belle?

We bought a picture taker;
 It was the very best.
 We only pressed the button—
 The camera did the rest.

But now we often wonder
 If in the Tiger's den
 We dared to press the Button,
 Just what would happen then?

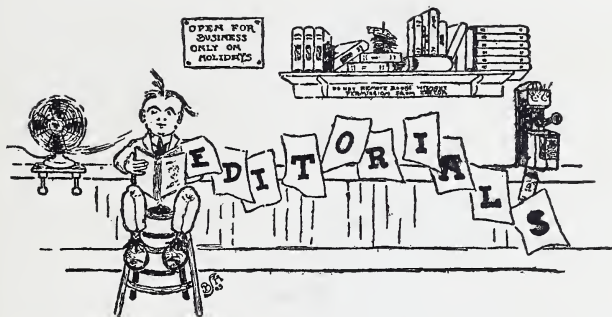


When Bowley Leads the Yell

In Holland, if you chanced to stray,
 The wind-mills you'll espy,
 With giant arms a-swing oft
 Against the evening sky.

But come to school with us some day
 And we'll surprise you well—
 We'll show you arms as graceful quite
 When Bowley leads the yell.





The Tiger

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A DEBATING SOCIETY.

There is one side of English work which the students of the Lick School have heretofore shown little interest in. The particular side to which we have reference is debating.

In most secondary schools debating is considered a strong and useful auxiliary to the other English work, and in a few it is made compulsory.

While we do not believe in debating to the extent of making it compulsory, we think that no one will ever consider as wasted any time spent in debating.

Lately a number of students of this school have become interested in debating, but not enough so to form a debating society. If those who are interested would get together and form a society, it seems as though much pleasure to the members and much good to the school would result from it.

During the late attempt by some of the principals of the preparatory schools around the bay to form an association, the object of which was to curtail the student management of athletics, and incidentally to make rules that would favor certain schools of the league, we were peculiarly fortunate to have representing us a principal who thoroughly understood the wishes and necessities of our student body in athletics, and one who was able, with a steady hand and clear head, to guide our interests through the difficult course which lay before them.

It was entirely due to Mr. Merrill that no rules

were passed unfavorable to our athletic ambitions and all who have the good of the school at heart feels heartily grateful toward him.

AN ELECTION.

There now remain only twelve or thirteen weeks of school, and when those are gone the summer vacation commences.

The most of those weeks will be very busy ones, and so we think it a good plan for the students to get together in the near future and elect a staff

for the next term.

There are two points in favor of electing the staff now. Firstly, if elected now they will be able to assist in getting out the last issue, and thus become familiar with their duties next term.

Secondly, they will gain several weeks of valuable time at the beginning of next term, and time is an important factor to staff issuing its first paper.

Therefore, all come to the election when it is called.



An Idle Dream

By JOE LIPMAN.

In the spring of 1800 a tall and heavy-set young fellow could have been seen walking slowly through the woods. He wore the white satin slippers and knickerbockers of the times, and covering his legs was a pair of white silk stockings. But instead of a lace blouse, he wore a heavy blue sweater, with a large gold "C," and in place of a three-cornered hat, there sat gracefully on the back of his well-trained white wig a small blue skull-cap, with a small gold "c" in front. From his mouth hung a small bulldog pipe, out of which a thin, white curl of smoke was rising from the union made tobacco within. His mind was far away in California upon a pretty little girl, who had yelled herself hoarse last Christmas when California played Carlisle, and she was thus forced to take onion syrup the next day for a cure.

A breaking of twigs made him suddenly lift up his head, and what should he see but an Indian, stripped to the waist, running toward him at a record-breaking speed, with a tomahawk upraised. When the Indian had almost reached him, the possessor of the "C," seeing nothing else to do to prevent the axe from cutting a fancy

curve in the crown of his head, stooped down and tackled the Indian around the knees, throwing him heavily to the ground. He then quietly sat on the Indian, as he saw nothing more suitable to do.

Looking down at the Indian, he noticed a big yellow streak in the shape of a "C" on the red-man's chest. He asked the hatchet wielder (there are others besides Carrie Nation) what it stood for, and in the best of English the Indian explained that his name was "Redwater," Carlisle, '99, and that he earned his "C" by playing left guard with the football team. The blue and gold jumped off the Indian with a start (as if he had accidentally sat on a thumb-tack) and shook him vigorously by the hand, much to the startled Indian's surprise. The former introduced himself as Jack West, California, '99, who had played against Redwater when the Carlisle team had visited California in the fall to play the State University, whom they defeated in a hard fought game by the close score of two to nothing.

After a great deal of exertion, Redwater regained his feet and told West that ten out of the fifteen on the football team were camping out

in the woods, and that as they had beaten all the white teams in the country in football, they were going to try and defeat the paleface in battle and regain the stolen lands of their forefathers. After a good deal of coaxing, West went with Redwater to the camp, where all the Carlises were seated in a circle playing ping-pong. However, when they saw West they all left this game, jumped up with a hair-raising shout of joy and made a well-trained center rush for the supposed prisoner. Redwater took upon himself the honor of introducing West, and the Indians' attitude changed immediately.

An Indian never forgets friends, and having been treated royally when they came to California

to play, they promptly told Jack to make himself at home. Wheelock, former captain and now chief of the band, ordered out his best, including champagne and sausages. As West was going to put this goodly stuff into his mouth a terrible explosion was heard, and he opened his eyes to find himself lying gracefully on the cold, hard floor. It was the evening after the Carlisle-California football game, and he was in the dressing-room with the rest of the squad. He had been knocked out in the second half and carried off the field in a dazed stupor.

The explosion which awoke him was the slamming of the door as the rest of the team came into the dressing-room when the game was finished.



Construction in the Shops

By H. DE LANY.

During the past quarter the students in all departments of the shops have been very busy and much work has been done.

In the wood working department the first year boys are beginning to work on larger jobs, and a number of tool chests, fancy and plain bookcases, hall clocks, checkerboards and tables, small patterns for machine parts and numerous other things have been turned out. A great many tabourettes have also been made, and new ideas and designs are always springing up in this line. Patterns for an eight-inch sticker are under construction by the senior apprentices, and will be ready for the molder in a short time. The bed-plate of this machine (which is to be built for Wilmerding) will be cast very soon, and it is estimated that the finished casting will weigh close to 500 pounds. The University of California telescope job was finished and put up during the Christmas vacation, and proved perfectly satisfactory. A number of smaller patterns, such

as pulleys, motor and machine parts, etc., have been made, and are continually being called for.

In the foundry much work, and of a high grade, has been done. The oil pump, which was still in the pattern shop when we went to press last quarter, has been cast and is in the last stages of construction in the machine shop. A sixteen-inch movable cupola has been finished, and will be mounted on two trucks and be ready for use soon. It has a capacity of 1,500 pounds, can be used for either brass or iron, and will be connected to the larger blast pipe by a small pipe, so fitted that it can be moved about at the will of the molder, and reconnected as desired. This is Mr. La Coste's idea, and will no doubt be a great saving to the school in time and money. The bed for a four-by-five-inch vertical engine has been cast, and will be ready to go in its place with the rest of the engine shortly. Many small engine and motor castings have been turned out, and all show first-class work.

In the blacksmith shop the boys are doing more work and not so many preparatory exercises, as formerly. The crank shaft for a four-by-five-inch vertical engine was forged a short time ago, and other parts for the same job have been done also. The boys have learned to use the steam hammer, and, in consequence, the engineer has "troubles." It is remarkable how much steam the hammer uses.

The apprentices in the machine shop have accomplished a lot of work during the past quarter. The thirty-inch radial drill has been finished, and Mr. Young may well be proud of his work on it. It will be taken to Wilmerding in the near future. Early in the quarter a bed-stretching machine was made, and is in active service at the present time. A pipe cutter, to be run by

power, was also finished and sent out. The band-saw and speed lathes are nearing completion, and will before long be in use. A four by five-inch vertical engine is under construction, and it is expected it will be done and running by the end of the year. A hundred and one odd jobs are being done by the juniors, such as hack saws, tin boxes, motor fittings, screws, etc. A buffer is also being made, and soon will be ready to set up.

In the electrical line two half H. P., alternating current induction motors have been made, one was wound single phase and one two phase. Also three half H. P. direct current and a few small machines have been finished. More of these are under construction, and as fast as the boys finish them they are put in use.





Johns (walking onto ferry boat)—Have some candy, Paul?

Paul (who is a member of the track team)—Thanks, but I can't take any; I'm training.

Johns—What time did you say this train leaves?

Teacher (to dull pupil)—My son, do you not know that at your age George Washington could read, write and cypher?

Kid—Yes; and at your age he was President of the United States.—Ex.

There is a young fellow named Bunch,
Who lives all his life on free lunch;
He'll ask you with great hauteur
For a glass of (cold water) ?
Then away on the pretzels he'll munch.

There was a young man named "Knip,"
Who had lots of hair on his lip;
He at last got a razor,
No longer he'll faze her—
The hair was cut off at one clip.

There is a young fellow named Cope,
He'll soon win the fifty, we hope;
He has lots of speed,
That's all he will need—
He figures to win on the "dope."

Critic—Why has that picture got red whiskers on it?

Artist—Because it's Drew that way.

Lecturer (in Senior Seminary)—I suppose you all know where Aden is? Then I won't be aidin' any by telling you.

Same Lecturer (dramatically)—Is life worth living?

I answer "It depends on the liver."

Hill (outside chemical laboratory)—Say, Monk, what's that strange odor?

Monk R.—I'll bet it's Sebenhauer boiling a mouse.

Don't forget the orchestra's dance on the 11th of March.

A FEW GENUINE EXCUSES.

"Teacher: Georgie's mother got no catching illness. She got a girl. Very respectfully,
"HIS AUNT."

"Teacher: I dink you are a fool. You wan my boy to read when he don't no no alferbits. Please teach him some."

Question.—If Paul Magerstadt became careless about the school and the "Tiger" devoured him, what time would it be?

Answer.—(Ate) 8 P. M.

"Teacher: Please excuse Rachel for being away those two days her grandmother died to oblige her mother, "MRS. RENSKI."

"Miss: My boy tells me when I trink beer der overcoat from my stummack gets to thick. Please be so kind and interfere in my family affairs. "MRS. PATRIO."

"Teacher: If Louis is bad, please lick him until his eyes are blue. He is very stubborn. He has a good deal of the mule in him. He takes after his father. "MRS. C."

"Miss Brown: You must stop teach my Lizzie fiscal torture she needs yet reading and figors mit sums more as that, if I want her to do jumping I can make her jump.

"MRS. CANOVOWSKI."

First Year Boy—What do you do in the foundry?

Second Year Boy—Mr. La Coste hides a pattern in the sand and we hunt for it, and the one who finds it gets promoted in foundry work.

There is a young man named Holmes,
But no more o'er the hurdles he rolmes;
He tried it and fell,
We think it is well
That he broke only ten of his bolnes.

There was a young man named Belser
Who did the low hurdles quite welser;
But one day he slipped,
And the top bar he clipped—
The X marks the spot where he felser.

There is a young fellow named Voogt,
Who hardly can sing a true noogt,
And when he's in Dutch
His singing is such
That we're sorry that music is wroogt.

Jones, a Senior in our school,
Now see if we're not right—
He thinks he is a "Sene,"
But we think he's a "sight."

We have a track captain named Dodson;
When tired, he manfully plods on.
He takes every race,
Because of his Pace;
He's the man that we all bet our wads on.





By MISS MINNIE HARRIS.

Once again our English chair has been vacated, and once more we are heartbroken. Miss Hefty left us first, and now Miss Whipple has gone. When after the June vacation we entered the English classroom and looked for Miss Hefty, we found a stranger in her place, but soon that stranger grew dear to us, and when again on the morning of the 4th of January we looked in the same way for Miss Whipple's well-known face, we saw, not its now dear and familiar features, but the unknown ones of another stranger. That stranger was Miss Mann, and, as those that have been and gone before, so she is growing in our affections.

During the past few weeks many of our old comrades have visited us, and the only fault we have to find with their coming is that more don't come, and that they don't come oftener. Among those who have favored us by coming are Miss Kelly, '02; Mr. Fisher, '03; Mr. Potts, '02; Mr. Hund, '03; Miss Wichman, Miss Bartel, Miss Cranz, Miss Kimberley, Miss Jessen, Miss Pullen, Miss Riley, Miss Farthing and Mr. M. Stone, undergraduates.

Although Mr. Riese does not attend Lick, still Wilmerding is so close to us that it will not be out of place, I think, to mention the fact of his recent marriage and tender the hearty congratulations of our school to the happy couple.

A rally took place in the modeling room on February 14th at 12:30 p. m., in order to speak to the school in general about athletics. Several of the boys spoke on different subjects, such as baseball, track and swimming. Mr. Wise and Mr. Merrill spoke on the athletics of the school in general, and of the improvements to be made in their accommodations.

The alumni and graduating dances that were held just before the Christmas vacation exceeded, if anything, the expectations of the public. Is there need to say more?

Some time near the first of the year Miss Grace Morris was married to Mr. William Wright. The bride was once a pupil of Lick, and Mr. Wright may congratulate himself, as he has won a prize.

The 8th of February is a date that will long

be remembered by all who are interested in the Wilmerding School of Industrial Arts, as it was upon that day that the cornerstone of the new buildings was laid. There was a large crowd in attendance and many fine speeches were made.

Mr. McNichol, who many of us well remember, is now at the hospital, having undergone an operation for appendicitis. He certainly has our sympathy and hopes for a speedy recovery.

Within the past two or three weeks we have had two examiners from Berkeley to interview us in different studies. Mr. Lange quizzed us in English and history and Mr. Kower inspected our work in freehand and mechanical drawing.

PROPOSALS.

A POET'S.

O be my happy, golden beam,
And nestle in my heart,
And blend to me, as in a dream,
A dream that ne'er will part.

A FARMER'S.

O darling dear, a fruitful vine,
O will you marry me,
And help me feed the cows and swine
And churn the butter free?

A CHEMIST'S.

O be to me as oxygen,
To me will you unite?
For I will be the hydrogen—
One kiss will us ignite.

A BLACKSMITH'S.

O lovely maid, we are as iron
Waiting the fire's heat;
O let us weld to anvil chimes
Under the hammer's beat.

A YOUNG AUTHOR'S.

O heroine of my bleeding heart,
Will you elope with me?
No villian fierce can rend apart
If we united be.

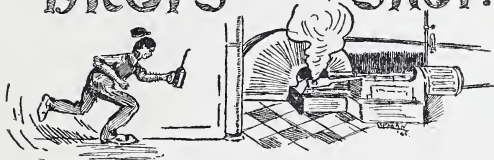
THE ORCHESTRA'S DANCE.

On the evening of Friday, March 11th, the orchestra will give a dance in Golden Gate Hall. The object of the dance is to raise funds to pay for the piano which the orchestra is buying.

The students should give this dance their support, as it has in view a worthy object, and also will furnish a good time to everybody.



DROPS From the SHOP.



By HAYDEN DE LANY.

Hurray for the substitute shop boss! The general opinion is that Mr. Gill is all right.

We wonder if Mr. Hewitt ever stands "stargazing" at the planer shafting, and scratching his head absent-mindedly?

Who was it that was looking around the shop for "Tom Nolan" when Mr. Woodman sent him after the white lead?

Wanted—A talented artist to compose signs for the wood shop; a good opening for some one willing to work; apply early.

We hear that there is a prize offered by a rich nobleman in France, who has volunteered to give a fortune to all the tall people who will migrate to his estate. The idea is to breed a race of giants. Apply to Bob Young for particulars. We understand he is seriously considering the proposition. Good luck, Bob!

The Course XI. Juniors have an extravagant habit of accidentally dropping oil down each other's necks and in each other's pockets. The victims fail to appreciate the point of the joke.

Ask Campbell if he ever saw *monkeys trade fleas*.

It was really quite a novel sight on a certain Friday some weeks ago to see our brawny blacksmithing instructor floating down the shop on a follower-board, giving orders to the students working knee deep in water, and to see Mr. La Coste digging drainage canals, building dams—and saying them—in the foundry.

We understand that our former engineer, Mr. Fiddes, is chief electrician on the transport Buford.

Found—The Crown Prince Louis the —nth. Where did he drop from?

We have a number of "smooth articles" in the school, but Campbell took the lead in this line when he came up out of the oil well a few Saturdays ago.

Mr. J.—Mr. La Coste, am I really as bad as you say?

Mr. La Coste—Sure, a big sight worse. (Aside) I have to "ram these 'ere fellers up" once in a while to keep 'em from runnin' over me, especially that fellow J——.

Mr. Gill has done much to improve the plant since he has been with us, and we hope that he is, as he says, "married to this job."

The Captain's Tale

By I. MARKWART.

"Beastly rain," remarked Captain Jinks, resuming his seat after a few turns around the room; "this weather reminds me of the last rainy season I spent in the Islands." After a few minutes of deep thought, he continued: "Say, boys, did I ever tell you the little experience I had last winter?" On seeing our silent nods, he began.

"Well, it happened this way. I was then acting commander of a small outpost in the Island of Luzon. The country being pretty well subdued, we had but little fear of an outbreak. The natives were more intent on getting our money than in fighting us. As I have said, we did not expect to be attacked, so our post was but loosely guarded. In fact, we were only there to overawe them and produce in their minds a liking for the Stars and Stripes.

"One night shortly before Christmas we were suddenly overrun by a horde of the fiercest devils that ever trod the earth. The men who were not slaughtered in their beds managed to gather around the flag pole. Here we resolved to die to the man rather than be captured. Time upon time we drove back the rabble, but our small forces were fast sinking away. Each charge of the rebels would end the life of one or more of our brave comrades. Seeing our helpless position and thinking we could possibly cut our way through the throng, we charged ahead. The natives fell back as we advanced, but then as by a signal they suddenly closed in upon us. I had till this time kept perfectly cool, but, on seeing a private fall pierced with many wounds, I lost all control of myself and dashed in alone to avenge the death of my friend. As I was about to strike the committer of the deed, I sank down into the dust.

"When I regained my senses I found myself looking into the largest and most beautiful brown

eyes that I have ever had the pleasure to see.

"The owner, seeing that I was awake, shrunk back; but on speaking a few words in Spanish, she again approached me. I repeated my request, telling her that I was thirsty. Soon she returned, and, placing the water to my lips, bade me to drink. As she stood gazing upon me I noticed that her complexion was not the dark brown of the native maiden, but the rich, red glow seen on the cheeks of our American girls.

"After a few questions about my plight, she retired from the hut. I now saw that over fifty miles of the roughest country lay between me and the nearest fort. My last hopes of being rescued were gone, for not one had escaped to tell of the massacre. The excitement at last overcame me, and I fell into a deep sleep.

"When I again awoke I was able to rise to a setting position without aid. By my side was a basket of native fruit, which somewhat stopped the cravings of hunger that I had felt. After many attempts, I managed to crawl to the entrance of the hut, only to be received by a shower of rocks. These finally stopped, for a greater attraction offered itself further up the street. Around a crafty looking native the inhabitants had gathered in force. They appeared greatly excited over his speech, and as he pointed his long, skinny arm at my hut a great angry shout rent the air. Fearing to alarm them further, I crept back into my prison.

"It was not long before the graceful figure of my warden came with my supply of daily wants. Her glowing eyes wore a saddened expression of grief. I could not delay to question her.

"Ah, senor, she replied, your life is being plotted against; the high priest of the tribe demands your heart to appease the great war god. To-day he was trying to overrule the authority

of the king. He threatens to slay you with his own hand, but my father forbids. I fear for you.' With these last words, she placed my food before me and left the hut.

"I was not a little surprised to hear her converse so plainly in Spanish, but what bothered me more was to hear her talk against her people. Why could she not laugh over my fate with the rest of the maidens of the village. I came to the conclusion that she was not a native, or at least her mother was not.

"As the days sped by my strength slowly began to gather, and, due to the good nursing of this lovely angel, I was soon able in a few weeks to walk around the space of my room. Several times I had received short visits from the council of the village, who made the most profound excuses about my captivity. These I refused to listen to, pretending not to understand their lingo.

"One morning I was awakened by a great clamor by my door. On looking out, I saw the natives dancing around a post that had lately been put in the ground. Here was my stake, I thought; but I resolved to meet my fate like a man and an American. The hot sun soon drove the black devils under the shade of their houses. I was impressed by the silence that followed. The dreamy scene brought back a memory of my early home; the sighing of the palms filled me with a desire to see once more the mighty firs that had blessed my early childhood. My thoughts gradually wove themselves around my present plight. I found myself thinking of her; I had grown to love that saddened face that was pining for me. In my dazed condition I saw her approaching the hut. When she had entered the room I, seeing the troubled look, could not resist, but took her into my arms and told her the secret of my heart. As the words came surging from my mouth her head sank upon my shoulder, and she burst into a tempest of tears. When we parted we had planned to escape in the darkness of the coming night. Many a long minute I passed in

lonely solitude waiting for the brazen sun to sink into rest. Soon the voices of the children faded away; the pacing of the guards before my entrance grew dim; I heard no more.

" 'Senor, senor, come, awake,' were the soft, pleading words that mingled with my dream. Then a light touch brought me to my feet. I remembered. So gathering up my few belongings, I was soon ready. As we crept past the hut I noticed the Indian guards were lying cast in a deep slumber. 'Drugged,' she whispered, as we sped toward the border of trees. Here I found the ponies she had provided for our escape. On these we slowly rode through the dense underbrush toward the trail. All night we traveled, often dismounting to pick our way over difficult places in the path.

"Fearing pursuit, we kept our faces toward civilization till long after the sun had risen. About noon we stopped a few hours to rest our horses, which had begun to show signs of the strain. It was late that night before we reached the fort. Although hungry and weary, I told the story of the massacre. The new commander swore vengeance against the natives.

"After a few weeks of rest, we again started on, this time toward Manila. When arriving there, she located her mother's relations, and next month she started back for Spain to finish her education. During this time I had asked to be resigned, for my wound was again causing trouble. On receiving my discharge papers I started for home. Shortly after I reached America on the transport Thomas."

"A likely story," broke in the knowing one. "So that accounts for your sudden sojourn to Spain and your return from that benighted land with a wife? We were rather surprised by your conduct, but you are perfectly excusable. But, Captain, there's one thing I do not see yet. How did your future wife come to be found with those savages?"

At this the Captain sadly shook his head. "A sad story," he replied. "My wife's mother, rather than marry the man she hated, eloped with the chief of this village. She taught her only child the rudiments of a Spanish education before she died." With this finishing touch to his story, the Captain relit his cigar and sank back into silence.



The Lay of a Gnat

By GOLDIE COHEN.

When the evening sun was setting,
And the sky was rosy red,
A young lad and his sweet lassie
From the village mart had fled.

As they walked along together,
Telling that sweet story old,
A gnat returning from a frolic
Bethought himself he'd like to hold

The tender ear of that sweet maiden
'Twixt his tender little claws.
With delight he blew his trumpet,
Without a single moment's pause.

Suddenly the maiden raised
Her lily hand unto her ear.
The fellow, while his arm he grabbed,
Said, "What's the matter with you dear?"

The rest I'll not attempt to tell you,
Of the awful havoc wrought;
How the maid and man ran shrieking
For shelter, until then unsought.

Then the busy little gnatsky
Wended slow his homeward way,
And to himself he softly murmured,
"I've had a lovely time to-day."



TRACK.

The season opened auspiciously, with thirty-four men out, under Coach Powell, crack hurdler and high jumper of U. C. But there was a pre-season. During the winter months the track was gutted by the rains, and in a very bad shape until some of the track enthusiasts took it upon themselves and went to work repairing. The principal supplied the horses, and with a harrow and rakes the path was cleared of rocks, then a layer of cinders and clay was applied, putting it in comparatively good shape. Much may be said about this labor, and some may not realize that it meant sore backs and blistered hands to the faithful few.

Mr. Wise made arrangements with William Powell to coach the team until the field days. He took hold immediately and put every one to work. Owing to his varied experience, he found out what each man was good for, besides being pleased with the performance of some of the men who had already "found themselves."

Many were out for the hurdles, notably Golcher, who Powell thinks will make a very exceptional hurdler. This being the coach's star event, he could give all the advice and care necessary to develop good hurdlers.

In the sprints many tried themselves, and we should have a strong aggregation of sprinters this spring. Cope and Beck, the old men, will qualify, and some more new men may come close to

their time. In the quarter we have a good man in Johns, who has improved wonderfully this season. The half will be run by our captain, Dodson, on whom we can all rely to make the record.

BASKET-BALL.

LICK, 14; LOWELL, 10.

The first league game was played at the Y. M. C. A. on the afternoon of February 7th. The contest was close and offered much excitement at times. Unfamiliarity with the court and the team having only once previously played together may account for the low score. Lowell lined up Baker, Barricks, Tyler, Gray, Dewing and Captain Bressi. Barricks substituted Baker. Lick, Messrs. Magerstadt, Johns, Doane, Rogers and Captain Neuhaus. Naylor was put in place of Rogers in the second half. Time of halves fifteen minutes. Cullnon and Terrell alternated as umpire and referee.

LICK, 12; POLYTECHNIC, 40.

The league game with Polytechnic was an expected defeat. They had the better trained team, veterans at the game and played together. The Lick plays were almost entirely individual work rather than team plays such as theirs. The Poly line-up included McKenzie, Moyer, Leary, Bonnifield, Callnon and Captain Kern. Callnon played in place of Bonnifield. Lick's team was the same as in the Lowell game, except Naylor played throughout.

Magerstadt played a snappy game, but was retarded by an injured ankle. Johns was a fast and reliable man; he made many goals for his team. Neuhaus played a good game, besides organizing the team and getting his men out. Doane, though a new man, played well throughout the games. Naylor upheld his reputation of an all-round athlete, playing in good style. Rogers played well for an inexperienced man. Lipman, manager of the team, and Stone were substitutes.

In the distance we will have Gibson, our gritty little runner who has trained so faithfully this season; also Champreux, who ran some seasons ago to good time. In the field we will be represented almost without exception by our men of last season, but their extra experience and training will make them better. The team has not been picked, and will not be until shortly before the field days. A try-out was held on Saturday, February 20th, at Berkeley. The day was not very encouraging, and the track muddy in places. The time was taken by the coach, and is to be kept by him, and any newspaper item is unofficial and unauthentic. The following took places: Cope, Beck, Golcher, Pelage, De Lany in the sprints, Dodson, Johns, Jones, Garms in the middle distances and Champreux, Millard, Gibson and Thompson in the long distances, Golcher, O'Connor, Button, Doane in the hurdles, Magerstadt, Doane, Cox, Moullen and Hotchkiss in the field events. These men may represent the schools and may not, for this is not to be the last try-out, and a man must be better than some one else to make a place on the team.

We have been fortunate in not losing any of our tried men, and we surely can do as well this season as we did last, for we have some new men who will make places. Only a rough estimate may be made at present. The team may come up to our fondest expectations, but we may be assured it will do its best, and that best is far ahead of any best accomplished heretofore.

The large squad was very encouraging, for it showed that the school was behind the track team and were out to try to become members of it themselves. It helped in that every man did his best, knowing that there were many others to step into their places. With the opportunities afforded by a coach, those who came out were given a regular system of training, and that will hurt no one, but is a benefit, and those who tried and did not make the team have this great satisfaction. The team will probably contain many seniors, whose places will have to be filled by the under classmen, and if every one that comes out will be fitting himself for that duty; that will soon evolve upon him the duty to his school to help her along and keep up her good name and honor. We may believe this has been started, and many are bearing the burden, but this cannot be kept up unless new shoulders take the places of the old.

The field days come off within two weeks of each other on the U. C. cinder path at Berkeley, the first S. F. A. L. on March 12th, the B. C. L. on March 25th, the A. A. L. on April 9th. Every member of the school has paid his money to hire the coach, and they should come to the field days to see that it has not been spent foolishly. In the S. F. A. L. only the city schools compete, and we should show the others that we take a lively interest in track meets by the size of our crowd. If we win this field day the students should consider themselves well repaid and assured that we have a chance to win the others, and their presence will aid materially in helping the team to victory.

BASEBALL.

The early opening of academic season this year, due to the large number of schools in the San Francisco sub-league, is rather an inconvenience to the team. We have had very little time in which to pick the material, but there are several good players, who have shown up well in the

short time and will make places on the team. Those most likely to play are Hotchkiss, Heitmuller, Dearin, Johnson, Bareau, Anderson and Naylor.

Manager Murry has been rather unfortunate in securing practice games, and so far but three have been played. Despite this fact, there has been great improvement in the playing, especially in batting, which is a most important factor in the game.

ANDERSON, 10; LICK, 7.

Saturday, January 30th the team made a trip to Anderson's Academy, at Irvington. White pitched his first game and did it well. Mastick played excellent ball on second, accepting several hard chances without an error. Paul Magerstadt, who is just breaking into the game, played well at first base. Had he come out last year we would have the best first baseman in the league by this time. Although Tyson, Anderson's pitcher, is a powerful six-footer and has quite a reputation, he by no means shut out our batters. Nevertheless, there is much room for improvement in that line by our men. We expect to bring Anderson's team to 'Frisco and play them a return game, but we have been prevented from doing so by the beginning of the league season.

On the pitchers' staff Hotchkiss, Mastick and White are doing good work, and, of course, at the receiving end of a battery, Hall has no equal in the league. A silver cup has been offered by the Olympic Arms Co., successors of Skinner & Co., to the team taking the A. A. L. baseball championship. When won once it becomes the permanent property of the winner. For that reason the team will work harder, and with the support of rooters, together with the support of every individual member of the school, we will get the cup.

CHARLES E. NAYLOR.

Newport, last year's successful pitcher, is taking a four years' apprentice course at the Union Iron Works.

Lick's schedule is as follows: February 27,

Cogswell; March 5, Hitchcock; March 19, Wilmerding; March 25, Polytechnic; April 16, Lowell; April 28, Mission.

The girls' basketball team had a meet with the University freshmen, and were defeated; Lick, 2; '07, 18. The team is composed of the following: Misses Pennington (capt.), Adams, Dillon, Johnson, Jacobson, Cauber, Flack, Jacobsen, Schlieff and Schwellinger.

Regulations regarding the wearing of black L's were passed by the Board of Managers this term. They are as follows:

Any place on the A. A. L. field day, first or second on the B. C. L., or a place in a winning team on any field day.

In baseball, football, basketball a player in one league, or three other games, provided the team wins the sub-league.

In swimming, any point winner or the winner of a heat.

SWIMMING.

A swimming tournament was held, and Benton, Day and Cornell will represent Lick in the A. A. L. swimming matches on March 4th.

Editor of the Tiger—Dear Sir: Accounts in the December issue of the "Tiger" of coon hunts and rattlesnake shooting reminds me of a shot I made one day while out hunting with a friend in Solano County.

On a limb of a tree overlooking a stream I spied two dozen wild geese, one half of them facing the south and the other half the north, making two rows of heads. To make sure of my aim, I leaned against a walnut tree, which, by the way, was the abode of a pair of gray squirrels and a swarm of bees. Bringing my rifle to my shoulder, I aimed at a row of heads and fired. The bullet passed through them all, struck the tree, glanced back and tore its way through the other twelve. Geese and limb fell into the water with a crash, striking my faithful dog, which had

bounded forth at the report of my gun. The dog was split squarely from the end of his nose to the tip of his tail. One-half took after a deer and the other half after a rabbit.

The gun (which belonged to Smith) kicked me against the tree with such force that a sack of walnuts and the bees were dislocated, the walnuts striking on the squirrels' heads, killed both, while the bees landed safely on my head.

Wading into the stream after the geese, I got my trousers full of fish. However, not wishing to lay in a supply for the winter, we left all but the bee stings and hit the trail for Binghampton.

Yours for veracity, F. W. JACKMAN, '05.

The principals of the secondary schools held a meeting in the rooms of the Teachers' Club on January 16, 1904. The following principals were present: W. A. Brewer, St. Mathew's; R. D. Hunt, San Jose H. S.; M. C. James, Berkeley H. S.; J. H. Pond, Oakland H. S.; A. W. Scott, Alameda H. S.; M. Fisher, Oakland Poly. H. S.; F. O. Mower, Napa H. S.; Frank Morton, Lowell H. S.; George A. Merrill, C. S. M. A. and W. S. I. A.; Mr. Babcock, Ukiah H. S.

Principals Frank Morton, M. Fisher and W. A. Brewer were appointed a committee to confer with the Academic Athletic League of California.

The following is not from the secretary's report, but is in substance the agreement passed:

I. That before we indorse or forward the A. A. L. certificate of any athlete he shall satisfy the following, in addition to the requirements of the league:

(a) He shall have attained a passing standard of scholarship for the preceding term of his high school work in at least fifteen periods on a basis of twenty periods required for graduation. Shop, drawing, laboratory work, two periods equivalent to one academic period. This does not apply to students just entering from the grammar school. To take effect July 1, 1904.

(b) He shall be at the time taking at least fif-

teen periods of new work. To take effect July 1, 1904.

(c) He shall have been in attendance in the school at least one term if he previously attended any other California high school.

II. That we shall send with each A. A. L. certificate made out in accordance with section one a statement of the number of hours taken by each student, number of periods of new work and his standing in each. These records to be open for inspection.

III. That we will allow no student to represent his school in any contest who has not maintained a passing standing in at least fifteen periods of current work and whose deportment and faithful attendance on school duties are not satisfactory to the principal; 80 per cent. will be a minimum of satisfactory attendance.

IV. (a) That not less than five days nor more than ten days before any dual meet the principals of the contesting schools shall exchange lists of their respective teams, together with a statement of the number of hours and grading being satisfactorily done by each member of the team.

(b) That not less than seven days nor more than twelve days before any general meet we shall send to the secretary of the A. A. L. a list of our respective teams. Such lists prepared as provided in (a) of this section. These lists to be open for inspection at any time.

V. Each principal signing these rules agrees to keep a record of the place and date of birth of each student entering his school, and to obtain this information not later than fifteen days after his admittance.

Resolutions were also passed as follows:

That inter-collegiate football in its present state was not adapted to secondary schools.

That the giving of medals or trophies be discontinued, and that games be between the separate schools rather than a prolonged championship season.

Mr. Merrill spoke to the students of the school, saying he was ready to hand the rules to an athletic committee for consideration. The following were appointed by the president of the Board of Managers: Messrs. De Lany, Magerstadt, Ben-

ton, Murray, Naylor and Miss Winchell. They entered criticisms which were of great help to our principal, and were acted upon by him. Many clauses were struck out, so that the above is substantially what was passed.



On the Side

By "NEWIE,"

Two men, evidently drummers, came into the cafe a few evenings ago, and taking a seat near me started up a very animated conversation. At first, being rather engrossed with my own thoughts, I paid no attention to them, but finally the noisy talk of one of them attracted me to the subject of the conversation. It was very evident that the one doing most of the talking had recently been to the theatre and was giving his friend some of the choice morsels of wit which he had heard there.

As I listened I became more interested, and the following, written as I remember it, will give an idea of the cause of my interest:

"Yes, Mike, that fellow was certainly an A No. 1 joker. He started out something like this—talking to his partner, you know:

" 'I've got a friend over here on Kearny street who's the meanest man you ever heard of. He feeds his horse shavings, but first puts green glasses on him to make him think it's grass. That's a fact! And his cousin is as bad as he is. He has a mole on the back of his neck, and he buttons his collar on it. We all went to the theatre the other night and it was so still you could hear a gum drop. Strange, wasn't it? I read a book the other day, and the author gave a lot of truths worth remembering, among which were "A green cucumber in the hand is worth three in the stomach," and "A corn in the ear is worth two on the toe." He was right, too!

"Say, Jim, if the devil had his choice, which one of us would he take?

"Give up."

"Me. He could get you any day. Ah—thank you, waiter. Say, Jim—do you ever read the Bible? Yes? A most surprising assertion, but I'll take your word for it. Well, you know the Bible is not very exact in some things. It tells us that Adam was in a garden. But what kind of a garden was he in? It doesn't say, and leaves us to believe it was a beer garden, because Adam saw snakes. Isn't that right? I thought so. Were you ever down in Fresno? No? Well, I tell you it's hot there. Why, last summer we had to feed the hens cracked ice to keep them from laying hard-boiled eggs. That's a fact! And the nights there! Cold? Well, I guess! Why, once when we were out of an evening, on the way home the words froze in our mouths, and the sidewalk was covered with conversation. Had to take it in the house and thaw it out to know what we were talking about. Great place, that!

"Jim—there's a fellow down to the office, one of these nice tuti-fruti, hair-parted-exactly-in-the-middle, rubber-heeled, striped trousers, tie exactly so, fellows. Takes him twenty minutes to brush his togs, and twenty more for his hair, etc., etc. You know the kind, the '*handle-with-care*' style. Well, he's taken to writing poetry, and he is certainly a corker at it. Here's one of

his productions. (I forget to mention that he is a white head, nice and silky like.):

"Hast thou no feeling,
To see me kneeling
My love revealing
Day by day?"

"And one of the office-boys added:

"Yes, I have feeling,
To see thee kneeling,
Thy soiled top revealing.
Take it away!"

"And another time he inflicted this on us:

"There was a young girl in Ohio,
Who's maiden name was Mariah.
She used to slide down the bannister stair
When she thought that no one was neigh-er.
One day her brother Josiah,
On the bannister placed a barbed wire.
It would not be best
To tell you the rest,

For flags are half-mast in Ohio."

"The day he sprung that on us we took up a collection, bought him a dozen jaw-breakers, and told him to go off, and if he felt any more attacks coming on to put one in his face, and it might save him and us some inconvenience.

"That reminds me of the fellow who went and got his life insured so that he would have something to live on after he was dead."

At this juncture the waiter brought my drummer friends their check, and they got up and left the cafe.

As I leisurely followed them, I couldn't help remembering "What fools these mortals be."

THE FOUNTAIN OF ETERNAL YOUTH.

"For the fountain of youth,"
A tired boy sighed,
"Wish it flowed from the ground
And dashed by my side.

"In its waters I'd bathe
My heavy clogged brain,
Of its vapors I'd breathe
To kill out the strain.

"In its dreamy soft waves
Would vanish my trials,
That gather around me
By midnight in piles.

"Oft' I sit, by the lamp
That's fading so dim,
In the grasp of a thought
I'm trying to win.

"For the lessons I learn
Ere clock hands point two,
I'd be bound to forget
Ere morning is due.

"Do you wonder I sigh
For the fountain of youth,
To forget in its dreams
The hardships of truth?"

Fare ye well, to my sleep I will speed me away,
To forget in the night what I learn in the day,
To my dreams where the quizzes and topics don't
blow,
By the fountain of youth, where the tired lads go.

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How to Design a "Bunch of Gears."

The subject of gearing is far too deep to be fully discussed in this short article. The following rules have been found of much service to the author and his associate draughtsmen, and are respectfully submitted to the members of the profession. These are the rules.

First—Obtain the key to "Drawer F." There are numerous good ways of accomplishing this, but it is best to stick to the one in which you are most proficient. A favorite way was to suddenly need the beam compass, but after a time the boss got wise, and now they are kept elsewhere.

Second—After obtaining the said key, supply yourself with all the materials you can possibly use, *i. e.*, 2 pencils, 3 erasers, paper, pens, thumb-tacks (of the latter probably 4), and small sundries for your neighbors.

Third—Approach the instructor and ask him how to proceed. Probably you will be told that he is too busy with a class, but will be with you in a minute, and in the meantime you would do well to refer to a book called "Unwin," which, like Pete Bahr's paving bricks, thoroughly covers the ground.

Fourth—Having obtained "Unwin," take it to your table. Carefully examine all the pictures. The main reason for doing this is to consume time. At last you will come to a chapter on gearing. It would be well to read up their history

and that of the man who discovered them. This is just to warm up on and prepare the reader for what follows. Finally you will get into the business part and see a number of formulæ. Do not attempt to analyze these formulæ, since only Mr. Unwin and your teacher are capable of such mighty tasks. Juggle with these formulæ for a time. The exact time is not constant, but according to Mr. Unwin or Mr. Seaton, the time, t ,

$$3\sqrt{\frac{V P}{K}}$$

in which K is a variable dependent upon the number of minutes before closing hour, minus twenty minutes required to prepare for dismissal, P represents your patience in pound inches and Q is a constant equal to

$$\frac{1}{.007432}$$

Fifth—Having applied the foregoing rules, you are at this stage prepared to make a tour of the room in search of a drawing by a former student, which to you looks like the real thing. Next glance around to see if the boss is occupied. When you are assured that he is not looking your way, hastily steal the said drawing from the wall, take it to your table and proceed to copy.

These simple rules, if faithfully carried out, will be found to work when all others have failed.

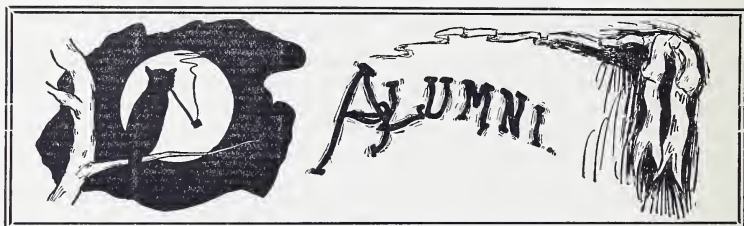
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Henry Becker, ex. '03, is now in New Mexico, under contract with a big electrical company.

Roy McClellan is draughting for the Abner Doble Company.

JAMES DARBEEY, INVENTOR.

A FABRICATION.

NOTE: This article was written at the suggestion of Mr. Benton of a story of school life, and at the same time dealing with mechanical construction, a characteristic of the school. The character, Darbey, is the result of impressions received in my association with the students.

G. C. W.

I am about to "chronicle" one of the incidents in the annals of our school. I use the term "annals" not in the scholastic sense, but more in a sense of reminiscences—reminiscences of those who came, saw and "flunked." [Few received the roll of paper tied with ribbon for which all aspire and few achieve.] The "history" of the school is an unwritten one, and will exist so. If in the future volumes are compiled and called a history they will tell not of "rough-houses," conditions and private interviews between members

of the faculty and students, but it will be the story of the graduates and their achievements in learning. It will speak not of "the other half." Our institution, like other schools, is not without its clicks and clans among the students. It has its scholars and mechanics as well as its athletes and so-called "society men." The former are sorely in the minority, and the athletes in speaking of their athletic encounters, generally tell the same kind of a tale that was told 2400 years ago by the Persians after Marathon. It is a very simple one, namely: What might have happened if—we were not defeated. Chief among its clans (some members of the faculty have been kind enough to inform us) is the "dead beat" society, a clan that begun with the beginning of teaching and will die when humanity ceases to instruct humanity. It has "chapters" in every institution of learning in the universe, yet its members are not aware that they belong; then again, the highest of "fraternal brotherly sympathy" exists. Its objects (our instructors tell us) is to "pull agin the faculty." Historians do not inform us whether this "society" existed among the Grecian youths in the days of the lyceum, but it is probable that texts were not then compiled with answer-books, and the idea of decorating Mount Olympus with emblems was not conceived.

The incident I have in mind is the story of one Darbey, of the class of '0. James Darbey was his name in the beginning of his school career, but the strong love of conciseness existing among his "brother students" had soon abridged it to

Jim, then some mind-reader among them, taking a clue from Darbey's bent of mind, christened him "Dabbler," which was supposed to be a modification of the name Darbey. Though this name took longer to think of and required more vocal effort to enunciate than just plain "Jim," and the fact that Darbey did not approve of it was the cause of much delight in addressing him as such. So it came to pass that he was known as "Dabbler."

I am acquainted with "Dabbler," or, rather, Darbey [out of respect to his memory I shall speak of him thus in the future], but as to whether I shall ever be honored for having known him I am uncertain. Darbey was a "special," at least that was what he termed himself. Probably it sounded more dignified when asked what course he pursued than plain "mixed programme," which was striking evidence that he had not "made connections" in some study. At all events, I would never have become a close acquaintance of Darbey's but for a trifling incident that occurred at the beginning of my course in the machine shop. There happened to be more students than tool lockers, and I, being among the unfortunates, was contemplating how I would manage to keep my things when Darbey happened by learned of my difficulty, and kindly offered me the use of his locker. Thus I saw a great deal of him and our chance acquaintance grew into friendship.

It chanced last winter that I was invited by Darbey to spend an evening at his home. Arriving at the Darbey Palace, which is situated in that part of the city known as Nob Hill, I was shown up to his room. Upon entering I observed the young hopeful and heir to the old man's "rocks" (as the fellows designate money) reclining in an easy-chair before a fire, as if the fact that he had five conditions last quarter was a matter of the smallest consequence in the world.

He greeted me, and I sat down in a chair opposite him. Darbey was gazing steadily into the

fire. To use the literary phrase, he was "engaged in the deepest meditation." This was a new characteristic in him, and a person of a more jocund turn of mind than I might inquire "if she had turned him down." However, the evening was long, and I would wait developments. In the meantime, I had ample opportunity to observe the contents of his "den." On the walls were a number of those delineations of impossible people doing impossible things, which are termed "posters," and which so much depreciate art. A bookcase, a large center-table and a divan on which was piled a number of pillows, evidently the work of some of Darbey's feminine friends, constituted the furniture.

Suddenly he glanced up. "Stubby, I have made the greatest discovery of modern of future times."

Most people would have been very much surprised, but for myself I was not. Knowing that Darbey's "fertile brain" was capable of conceiving anything—possible or impossible, credible or ridiculous, I replied with a simple "Yes?" trying to convey to him the impression of interest.

"Yes," he continued, "a discovery that will revolutionize commerce and warfare, and make the express train, ocean greyhound and battleship things of yesterday. I am about to solve the greatest problem of to-day—aerial navigation. I am about to invent an airship."

I remembered his attempts to make electrical apparatus, which resulted in a beautiful batch of insulated wire and scrap iron, which was in the end consigned to the scrap heap, not without, however, a few emphatic phrases by way of parting. This incident caused my doubts as to the success of his new enterprise.

"Let me tell you about it, Stub," said he. I heaved a sigh and prepared, like a certain people in Homer, for a long siege, for Darbey's enthusiasm was high and the night was long. Without receiving my permission, but taking it for granted

I was his confidante, he began. I do not remember all of his part of the conversation, nor could any other human being; on the whole it was somewhat of a diversion, and it was also a field for thought—thought that engages the brains of men greater than Darbey or I would ever be. Darbey's elocution was "choice," especially during bursts of enthusiasm, and his diction would have done credit to the author of a dime novel.

"It is to be something entirely new in airship construction, altogether different from those ships you have seen. Now, the chief problem that has been encountered by inventors is how to make headway when once in the air. I have solved that problem, but I don't think you will understand, so I won't explain, but describe the more simple parts of the mechanism. My ship will consist of a cigar-shaped balloon and a platform below, on which all the machinery will be and where the ship will be controlled. Gas lifts it up, engine drives it through the air. Simple, isn't it? Now for the details. The balloon is to be made of silk or some like material, hydrogen to be the lifting power, frame of platform to be of aluminum. Now the greatest of all, the engine. This is to be an invention entirely of my own. It is going to be a nitro-glycerine engine. Ever hear of one?"

No, I had never heard of one, and neither had Darbey, only I did not tell him so. Darbey was going to be original this time for a certainty. Gasoline and naphtha were things of the past with him. I had a mental picture of Darbey sailing around in the air with a bag of hydrogen and using nitro-glycerine as his fuel agency, but then, as Darbey said, I did not understand the higher theory of aerial navigation, and consequently I did not exhibit my ignorance in regard to engines by any remarks. Probably this was a new kind of an airship engine and adapted only to his airship, but as far as I can learn, engines are designed with the same object in view the world over, namely, to develop mechanical energy.

"Well," said he, "it's to be built on the principle of the modern gas or gasoline engine, only nitro-glycerine is to be the fuel. It will occupy very small space and develop high power. Ordinary engines are poor; mine will be the only perfect engine, and will be of 100 per cent. efficiency. No fly-wheels or any other of those unnecessary things. Direct connection with shaft, the crank to be directly connected with the propeller shaft. There's only one thing that I will have to copy from modern engines, and that is the principle of electric sparking, but I am improving on that. I am going to invent a storage battery that will occupy but three cubic inches of space and do better work than the best magnets in the world."

I was of the opinion that Darbey wouldn't need any combustion apparatus for his nitro-glycerine—it would do that itself, and if Darbey had remembered anything about spontaneous combustion or quick oxidation, he would have decided upon something that would not develop quite so "high efficiency."

I have forgotten the rest of his description, but his last remark when he bid me good night was:

"Now, Stub, this is on the Q. T., and I don't want anybody to know about it until everything is constructed and ready for the trial trip. And, another thing, Stub, this engine will be constructed without any of Bright's or old Euclid's formulas."

I am sorry for science for the long wait it has till Darbey's airship is constructed, and I doubt if it would cause Mr. Bright (our mathematics teacher) any great sorrow, were he aware that Darbey was not going to use the results of his calculations. As to how Euclid's shade, in the Elysian fields, will be affected I am unable to say.

On my way home that night I had a fine subject for consideration—Darbey and his airship. The thought struck me that if Darbey's brother students could have heard his plans, as I did, it might be amusing to have heard some of their opinions. They would probably have informed

him that he did not need any hydrogen to inflate his ship—he could use “hot air” instead, and he had all that was necessary. Maybe some poetic mind among them could contribute something to the joke column of *The Tom Cat* (our school paper) in which Darbey could be alluded to as “The modern Icarus,” or “a disciple of Darius Green.”

One day, in the machine shop, I noticed that Darbey was “out of sorts,” evidently over some piece of work he was doing.

“What’s the matter, Jim?” I asked.

“Oh, I can’t cut this confounded thread on this bolt. The die won’t seem to get started.”

It seemed strange that one who was going to invent an engine could not do such a simple piece of machine work, but it may be accounted for by the fact that this engine was not a realism as yet, and at all probabilities never would be.

“Say, Stub, come over to the house some night next week. I want you to help me make a test.”

I thanked him and accepted his invitation to help “make a test.” Darbey always delighted in using technical language, but “making a test” might mean anything from dissolving zinc in sulphuric acid to examining mechanical apparatus, so my curiosity was aroused.

On the evening appointed I was at his house, and after a few casual remarks with the elder Darbey, we retired to my friend’s room. Darbey pulled a chair up to the fire and sat down, I following his example.

“I had a private interview to-day with the Herr Professor,” said he. This was the usual way he referred to Mr. Smith, our principal. “And he said I was a ‘bad actor.’”

“Did he say that?” I asked, astonished.

“No, that wasn’t it exactly, but at any rate I did not have to consult any reference books to translate the allusion. That soap-throwing scrape in the wash-room didn’t do me any good. He says that the next time I get hauled up I’ll get ‘fired for keeps,’ so I must keep in the ‘straight and narrow path’ in the future.”

“Yes, Jim, you had better behave. Don’t buck the faculty. You’ll lose,” said I. A thought occurred to me just then, that once upon a time, it seemed, I had heard somebody remark that this would be a great and grand world if everybody in it would practice what they preached.

“Now, Stub, that isn’t what I had you come over for,” said Darbey. “I want you to witness the test of my storage battery.”

At last my hopes were to be realized. I was to see the result of Darbey’s inventive genius. Darbey went over and fumbled in a box and brought over something, which he laid on the table. “Something,” yes, I am sure that is about all one could call it. It was a jumble of wire, tin-foil, and parafined paper, that a four-year-old child would have disowned as his workmanship. Its appearance was doubtful, and it evidently proved worse than doubtful—a failure. He then brought over a beaker, which he filled with a liquid.

“Now, you see, this (indicating the ‘something’) is my storage battery, and this (pointing to the beaker) is a solution of sulphuric acid. I put it in the circuit for resistance. We will charge the battery from the wires in the chandelier, and then run this motor with it,” said he, holding a small electric motor in his hand. The motor was evidently purchased at some novelty store, for it was not the work of Darbey.

(To be concluded.)

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Who had an original plan;
But the plan was no good,
For the class understood
That her name, not her nature, was Mann.

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Running a Piano

"I was loitering around the streets last night," said Jim Nelson, one of the old locomotive engineers running into New Orleans. "As I had nothing to do, I dropped into a concert and heard a sleek-looking Frenchman play a piano in a way that made me feel all over in spots. As soon as he sat down on the stool I knew by the way that he handled himself that he understood the machine he was running. He tapped the keys away up one end, just as if they were gauges and he wanted to see if he had water enough. Then he looked up, as if he wanted to know how much steam he was carrying, and the next moment he pulled open the throttle and sailed on to the main line as if he was half an hour late. You could hear her thunder over culverts and bridges, and getting faster and faster, until the fellow rocked about in his seat like a eradle. Somehow I thought it was old '36' pulling a passenger train and getting out of the way of a 'special.' The fellow worked the keys on the middle division like lightning, and then he flew along the north end of the line until the drivers went around like a buzz saw, and I got excited. About the time I was fixing to tell him to eut her off a little, he kicked the dampers under the machine wide open, pulled the throttle 'way back in the tender,

and how he did run! I could'n't stand it any longer, and yelled to him that he was pounding on the left side, and if he wasn't careful he'd drop his ash pan. But he didn't hear. No one heard me. Everything was flying and whizzing. Telegraph poles on the side of the track looked like a row of cornstalks, the trees appeared to be a mud-bank, and all the time the exhaust of the old machine sounded like the hum of a bumble-bee. I tried to yell out but my tongue would'n't move. He went around curves like a bullet, slipped an eccentric, blew out his soft plug—went down grades fifty feet to the mile and not a controlling brake set. She went by the meeting point at a mile and a half a minute, and calling for more steam. My hair stood up straight, because I knew the game was up. Sure enough, dead ahead of us was the headlight of a 'special.' In a daze I heard the crash as they struck, and I saw cars shivered into atoms, people smashed and mangled and bleeding, and gasping for water. I heard another crash as the French professor struck the deep keys away down on the lower end of the southern division, and then I came to my senses. There he was at a dead standstill, with the door of the fire-box of the machine open, wiping the perspiration off his face and bowing to the people before him. If I live to be a thousand years old I'll never forget the ride that Frenchman gave me on a piano."

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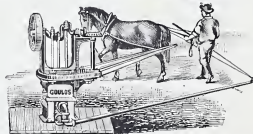
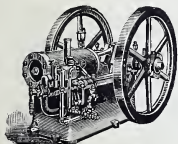
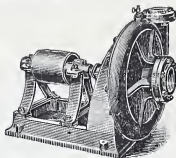
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Dave—About a minute.

Mr. D.—And how long will you remember it?

Dave—About that time.

Mr. D.—Ah! the theory of moments in German.

Mr. Burns (in chemistry)—What are you trying to tell me with your eyes, Miss A—?

Rather embarrassing for Miss A. was it not?

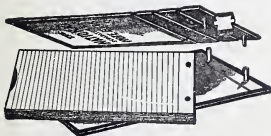
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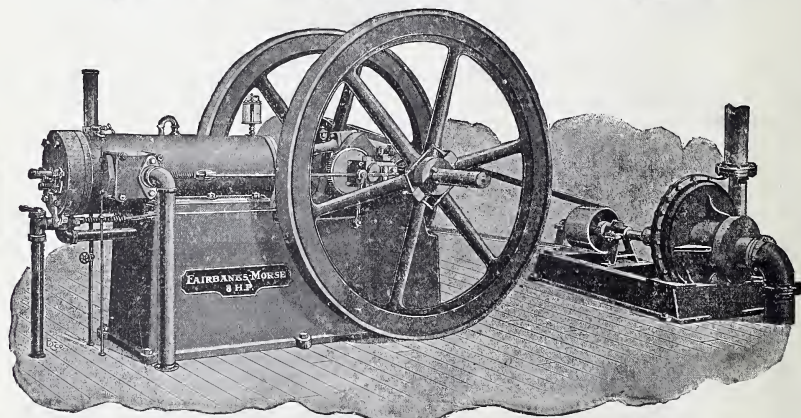
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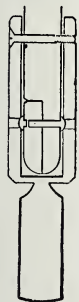
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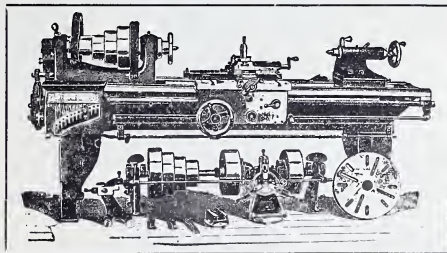
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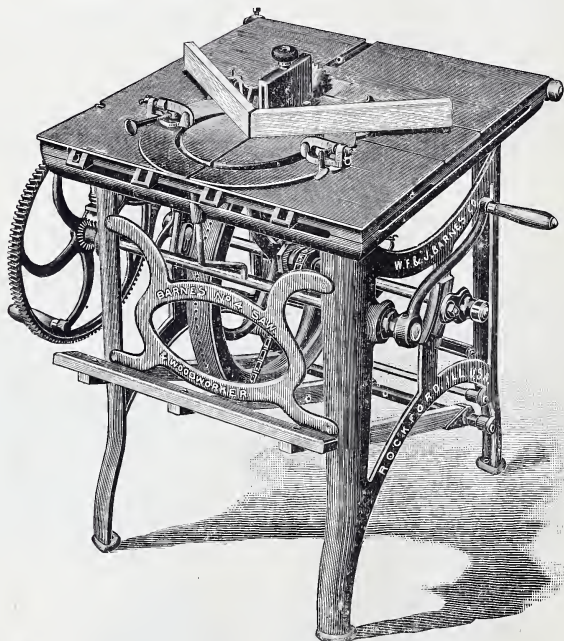
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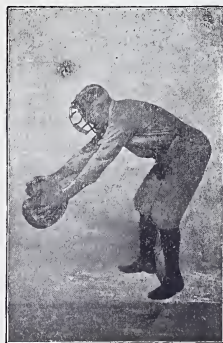
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